*Luc.* It is: May it be done?
*Tra.* Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countriemen, and banquet them?
*Luc. Basta*, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Uncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
*Tra.* So had you need:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sence,
I am content to be *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.
*Luc. Tranio* be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

*Enter Biondello.*

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
*Bion.* Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you?
Master ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your clothes, or you stolne
his or both? Pray what's the newes?
*Luc.* Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparell, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:

For



For in a quarrell since I came a
I kil'd a man, and feare I was d
Waite you on him, I charge yo
While I make way from hence
You vnderstand me?
*Bion.* I sir ne're a whit.
*Luc.* And not a iot of *Trani*
*Tranio* is chang'd into *Lucenti*
*Bion.* The better for him, w
*Tra.* So could I 'faith boy, to ha
*tio* indeede had *Baptistas* yong
sake, but your masters, I aduise
in all kinde of companies: W
*Tranio*: but in all places else, y
*Luc. Tranio* let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy
To make one among these woo
ceth: my reasons are both good a

*Exeunt.* *The*

1. *Man.* My Lord you nod,
*Beg.* Yes by Saint Anne do
there any more of it?
*Lady.* My Lord, 'tis but begu
*Beg.* 'Tis a verie excellent p
would 'twere done.

*Enter Petru*

*Petr. Verona*, for a while I ta
To see my friends in *Padua*; bu
My best beloued and approued
*Hortensio*: and I trow this is his
Heere sirra *Grumio*, knocke I say
*Gru.* Knocke sir? whome sh
ha's rebus'd your worship?
*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke
*Gru.* Knocke you heere sir? W
knocke you heere sir.
*Petr.* Villaine I say, knocke
And rap me well, or Ile knocke